A Pindarick ODE,

ON

NEW-YEAR'S-DAY:

Perform'd by

Vocal and Instrumental MUSICK,

Before Their

Sacred Majesties

K. WILLIAM

AND

Q. MARY.

Set by Dr. JOHN BLOW,

AND

Written by THOMAS D'URFEY.

Matutine pater, seu Jane *libentius audis,*
Unde homines operum primos, vitaque labores
Instituunt, (sic Dis placitum) tu Carminis esto
Principium,---- Horace.

LONDON:
Printed for *Abel Roper*, at the *Mitre* near *Temple-Bar* in *Fleet-Street*, 1691.

A

Pindarick ODE,

ON

New-Year's-Day, &c.

I.

BEHOLD, how all the Stars give way;
Behold, how the Revolving Sphere,
Swells to bring forth the Sacred Day;
That uſhers in the Mighty Year;
Whilſt *Janus* with his double Face
Viewing the preſent Time and paſt,
In ſtrong Prophetick Fury ſings,
Our Nations Glory and our King's.

II.

See *England*'s Genius, like the dazling Sun,
Proud of his Race, to our Horizon run
To welcome that Cœleſtial Power,
That of this Glorious Year begins the Happy Hour:
A Year from whence ſhall Wonders come;
A Year to baffle *France* and *Rome*,
And bound the dubious Fate of Warring *Chriſtendom*.

III.

Move on with Fame, all ye Triumphant Days,
To *Britain*'s Honour, and to *Cæſar*'s Praiſe;
Let no ſhort Hour of this Year's bounded Time,
Paſs by without ſome Act ſublime:
Great WILLIAM, Champion of the Mighty States,
And all the Princes the Confederates:

Ploughs the Green *Neptune*, whilſt to waft Him o'er,
The Fates ſtand ſmiling on the *Belgick* Shoar:
And now the *Gallick* Genius Trembles,
How e'er ſhe Pannick Fear diſſembles;
To know the Mighty League, and view the Mighty Pow'r,
So when the *Perſian* Pride of old,
Diſdain'd their God the Sun,
With Armies, and more powerful Gold,
Did half the World o'er run,
Brave *Alexander* chang'd their Scorn to Awe,
And Came, and Fought, and Conquer'd like *NASSAU*.

IV.

Then welcome Wondrous Year,
More Happy and Serene,
Then any ever did appear,
To bleſs *Great Cæſar* and his Queen:
May every Hour encreaſe their Fames;
Whilſt Ecchoing Skies reſound their Names.
And when Unbounded Joy, and the Exceſs
Of all that can be found in Humane Bliſs,
Fall on 'em, may each Year be ſtill like this,
Health, Fortune, Grandeur, Fame, and Victory,
And Crowning all, a Life, long as Eternity.

CHORUS.

Come ye Sons of Great Apollo,
Let your charming Conſorts follow;
Sing of Triumph, ſing of Beauty,
Sing ſoft Ayres of Loyal Duty;
Give to Cæſar's *Royal Fair*
Songs of Joy to Calm her Care;
Bid the leſs Auſpicious Year Adieu,
And give her joyful Welcomes to the New.

FINIS.

REPRODUCED FROM THE COPY IN THE

HENRY E. HUNTINGTON LIBRARY

FOR REFERENCE ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION